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THE ROAD TO LIFE DIVINE

(MAHARASAYAN)

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PRESENTED

BY

Sri Sitaramdas Omkarnath.

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TRANSLATED BY
S. SIL.

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(RAMASHRAM)

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Sachchidananda Sil.

FIRST EDITION :—
January, 51.

PUBLISHED BY :—
B. K. Chatterjee.
Jai Guru Sampradaya.
Sree-Ramashrama.
Dumurdhaha, Hooghly.

PIRNTERS :—
Miss. N. Ghose.
Samgha Press, Chandernagore.

TO BE HAD OF :—
Sri Ramashram,
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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

Here is a remarkable monograph by Sri Sitaramdas Omkarnath centring around the single thesis: Namkirtan as the road to life divine. And my aim in translating is to carry the essence of the Saint's thinking to men and women outside Bengal, or should I say outside India?

God exists equally in all His names. Therefore, to many the mere name of God is the only hope, so that they can begin hopefully. And, as the months and the years roll by, the Name vibrates with a new spiritual energy, and 'Kirtan' releases overpowering currents.

The Saint of Ramasram sends a call to the world to participate in the life divine. It is an inheritance for all mankind. Let us all come for participation in that inheritance. It is ours. It ours.

August, 1950 **S. SIL.**

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Our reverend Thakur wrote this book years ago. And it was published piecemeal in the monthly 'Utsab' under his pre-Sannyas name. Later on it was published in book form for the propagation of Sri Hari's name. An English version of the book has of late been much in demand, especially outside Bengal, and so we bring out the book in English.

Many of our Shastras enjoin Name-chanting because in their view it is the only hope in the age of Kali. But many amongst us are doubtful, in spite of the Shastras, whether it is possible to reach spiritual bliss through NamKirtan within the limits of the home.

There is mounting evidence to support the view that man can march through the world without going down, if only he can hold on to the holy names of God. There are men and women who are carolling their way to God, and it does one's soul good to be in their company or to read their works. This is the view of those whose oscillations have ended.

DEDICATION

To Sri 108 Srijukta Dasarathi Smritibhusan Vidyaratna.

O Sire,

I was pining in the dust, and you picked me up and gave me hope, and put me on the road to God. As I stepped along, my thoughts bloomed like a flower. And of them I make an offering to you, my Sire.

How boundless is your mercy! I hark back to the days of my illness and my worries. They almost drove me mad. For I did not realise then that they were a veiled blessing.

Sirs, you gave me the Name of God for Sadhana, but in spite of it I entered upon a dark period of illnesses and anxieties and still I stuck to the Name. In the guise of Sitanath Vedanta Sastri, you explained the Vedanta and said to me "Vedanta is not for you. Cultivate the Name of God." So I continued the Name. You gave me bits of wisdom in the guise of the late Panchanan Tarkaratna and Swami Nigamananda Paramhansa. You came again as the late Ramdayal Majumdar and said "First think that death is bound to come. And it is best to die with the name of God on our lips. Never lose a moment or a breadth without saying "Hari." Hari is bound to protect you. In this way you shall have a new found of power."

So I was driven more and more into the Name. As Dhrubananda Swami you said, "God bears all responsibility for His devotees. Bear Him always in mind. Give up all cares. As Brahmarshi Gourendraji you said, "Stick to one thing and that will give you everything. Don't run after many."

As Sri Bhagawandas you said, 'Have absolute faith in Guru. He is your God. Learn to rely on God. And so I went on with the Name of God, and there came a time when I felt the flashes of ecstasy in Nam Kirtan.

You came into me as my thoughts, and you came into me as my language, and this "Maharasayan" is all yours. You have come again as its publisher. Let thy will be done.

I am, as always,
Your unworthy Votary,
Probodh.

SHREE SHREE SEETARAMDAS ONKARNATH

SRI SITARAMDAS OMKARNATH
GLIMPSES OF HIS LIFE.

Thakur Sri Sitaramdas Omkarnath was born in February 1892. The exact date of his birth was the 6th day of Falgun 1298 according to the Bengali Calendar. His forefathers were all devout worshippers of Sri Ramachandra.

He grew up in his home at Dumurdaha, Hooghly, where his grandfather Isanchandra Chattopadhyaya had shifted from Kanchrapara He lost his mother when he was only six, and he got his new mother the same year, and she came and smiled and caressed him and gave him sweets.

One night he, a mere child, saw God Siva appearing before him, and he was full of wonder. He described to his father exactly what he had seen.

Another night he saw Sita pining in her prison at Lanka; he saw how Sita was being molested by the Cheries who stood guard round her.

There was something in this child that impelled him to run naked to a Kirtan-rally. And religion grew upon him since his childhood, and he taught his sister Siva-worship and all that. At the Bandel School he made his mark in Bengeli, but he was never at home in English grammar. Afterwards he was put to a Tol for learning Sanskrit ; for his father thought this would facilitate the daily worship of Brajanath, the family God.

He lost his father (Pranahari Chattopadhyaya) in 1318. His mother Malyabati Devi had died long before. The father at his deathbed was breathing stertorously and yet he remembered Arsenic and wanted a dose, but Arsenic was not found,

The Thakur got his initiation (Diksha) at Triveni in 1319. His Gurudeva was Dasarathi Smritibhusan of revered memory.

In 1320 he developed a desire to renounce the world and to settle in Benares. His Guru told him that he must prime himself within the world before renouncing it. Otherwise there was the chance of slipping down amid surroundings far away from known faces. These were weighty words, and so he gave up the idea of going to Benares.

About this time he felt deep in his heart thac he had deviated from his ideal, and he fought a hard fight to overcome his deviations. His aunt wanted to speed up his marriage, and it was fixed for 24th Jaistha. 1322. But he was in failing health and his chest was ceaselessly rattling, and so his thoughts, revolted against marriage. And what did he do?

He gave the slip. On his flight from home and marriage he first got to Triveni and from there to Katwa where he met his Narendada, who had already renounced the world. Together they went to Puri, but there Naren bore him down with expostulations and turned him back to home and marriage. And so in spite of himself he was back home where his marriage with the appointed bride took place on the 16th Agrahayana 1322.

In the palanquin the new couple talked in soft whispers. The bride said, "You cannot die, I will offer my prayers to Mother Siddheswari. She will save you, for She is merciful." What soul-lifting words from a bride of eleven! Her soft accents blew over him like a balmy breeze and soothed him.

In 1324 at the age of 26 he was sunk in meditation one night when God Siva appeared and said "I am your Guru. I came to you once before but you knew me not". And then Siva chanted Thakur's Ista mantra. Out from His body came the divine Mother who also chanted the same. The mantra soon faded into "Rama, Rama", and "Rama, Rama" faded into "Om, Om". And then there shone out a celestial radiance round as a circle.

In 1324, on the Saraswati Puja day he got back the lost memories of previous life. And soon after Dolpurnima he reached stage about which nothing can here be told.

In Baisakh 1337 he lost his wife. It was indeed a painful wrench for him to have lost a soul who shed smiles and radiated happiness, and through thick and thin, was his prop and solace.

On lst Magh his Gurudeva appeared in a dream and called upon him to preach the Name of God. On 18th Falgun he heard a Voice from within, as he meditated. And the voice set him the the task of preaching God's holy name. Said the the Voice, "Plunge thyself O sage, heart and soul into it." And so the Thakur broke the vow of silence upon which he had entered on the last day of Pous, 1343.

On 13th Chaitra 1343 he broke out upon a career of preaching Name and that was at PURI. On llth Baisakh 1344 came the Lord before him, and the Lord said, "Move among the afflicted and give them My Name."

And so the Thakur has been on the Road, ever since then, preaching, under God, the holy name of God Himself, and he, chosen of all men to preach, has all these years been sustained in his lofty mission by an Energy that comes from the Divine

Fountainhead. Beckoned, as always, from above, the Thakur has stepped across new tracts and rallied new men and women around his banner. And he has seen, under God, an effusion of religious feelings evoked by Namkirtan. He has sung of God and seen multitudes borne on the crest of ecstatic waves.

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST"

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THE ROAD TO LIFE DIVINE.

Wave I

Awake, awake, my darling.
- Who are you, please ?

I am the Being you pray to. I am here at your side. Wake up and chant my name.

Oh, you have come at last ? What calls and what tears I sent after you ! But, oh, how can I see you ?

Can't you see ? But I am here in front of you and behind you, above you and below you. I fill the earth and the sky, what else is there except me ?

I am the earth. Bow to me and chant my name. I am the water. Bow to me I am the fire and the wind. I am both good and evil. My ears are on all sides. I can hear every call of yours. Keep on chanting my name. I call upon you to chant and chant, so long as your tongue can work. Don't worry about the result. Do it and I shall be pleased. I love to hear you sing of me. You may have temporal cravings. But you may sing of me, your cravings notwithstanding. Here I am to wash out all your sins and your maladies. Only chant my name.

I am the friend of all the world. And I look after everybody. Rise above your earthly affairs and fix your mind on me. I am the Merciful. I am now as ever toiling for your good. Chant my name. You get distracted amid the rush of the crowd ? Avoid the crowd.

If you become wild over the pleasures of the senses, shocks are bound to come. I love solitude and I would love to hear you chant my name in a sequestered retreat. Don't be sorry that you can't find me. I am only marking time, and you will see me in time. Chant my name and you shall have peace. Chant it and you shall be mine. Sing of me, and you shall be emancipated.

Wave II

Pardon me, is it true that your name does not lead to Salvation ?

Who told you so ?

Why, big Sadhus say that Yoga, Vedanta and a host of other things must be practised before you can be reached. Is it true ?

Yoga and other paths are each a distinct road to God. But why should you bother to know all that ? Your duty is to chant my name. Knowledge leads you nowhere. You may know that a king is so rich, and yet for all your knowledge you remain poor as ever. So give up clamouring for information. In this the age of Kali, worship me through Nam-Kirtan. The very name of mine unlooses the shackles of the world. My name ends for ever the misery peculiar to life. And mark it, my name can lead to salvation.

Do you say that for the first time today ? Or have you said that before ?

Why, long ago I said in Baraha-Purana :—

Narayanachyutananta Basudeveti Jo Nara,
Sutatam Kirtayed Vumi Jati Mallayatum Sa Hi.

O Bhumi, he who always recites my names such as Narayana, Achyuta, Ananta, Basudeva, finally merges in me.

And then again in Garura-Purana :—

Kim Karishyati Samkhena Kim Yogainaranayka,
Muktimichchasi Rajendra Kuru Govinda Kirtanam.

O King, what can Samkhya or Yoga do for you ? If you are eager for salvation, then sing the name of Govinda.

See what I have said in Skanda-Purana :

Sakrit Uchcharitam Jena Harirityaksharadyayam,
Baddha Parikarastena Mokshaya Gamanam Prati.

He who once utters the name of Hari appears te be bent on salvation.

In Brahma-Purana I have proclaimed :

Api Anyachitto Asuddho Ba Ja Sada Kirtayet Harim,
Sopi Doshakshayanmuktim Lavet Chedipati Jatha.

He who sings the name of Hari with an absent mind or even with an impure mind, reaches salvation like Sisupal, for all his sins are liquidated.

Turn again to Padma-Purana :

Sakrit Uchcharayet Jastu Narayanam Atandrita
Suddhantakarano Vutwa Nirvanam Adhigachchhati.

He who sings of Narayana with concentration of mind on that name, is washed clean and is vouchsafed to salvation.

If a pardoned sinner sings your name, my Lord do you give him salvation ?

See what I have said in Padma-Purana :

Paradararato Bapi Parapakritikaraka
Sa Suddho Muktim Apnoti Harinamanukirtanat.

He who commits adultery or maligns others can be absolved and finally led to salvation, if he sings and sings of Hari.

In Baisampayan Samhita I have proclaimed :

Sarbadharmabahirvuta Sarbapaparatastatha
Muchyatay Natra Sandeho Vishnu namanukirtanat.

Even if a man acts contrary to all laws of piety and sins and sins all the way, he too can reach salvation through a devout incantation of the name of Vishnu.

All this is from the Puranas. But Puranas are now considered secondary and poetical The Vedas command more respect. Do they inculcate Nam-Kirtan ?

Why, believe me, my child, I have said in my Vedas, too, that my name brings salvation.

Look at Muktikopanishad :

Durachara Rato Bapi Matnama Vajanat Kapay;
Salokyamuktim Apnoti Natu Lokantaradikam.

Even the evil-doers can have access to my sphere if their carol in my praise is kept up.

I have said in Kalisantaranopanishad :

Haray Krishna Haray Krishna Krishna Krishna
Haray Haray
Haray Rama Haray Rama Rama Rama Haray
Haray.

These sixteen names liquidate the sins of Kali. The Vedas offer no better way. There are no rules about this incantation. These names shield you against all adverse forces. From irreligion they restore you to purity. They lead you irresistibly to Salvation.

If you have said so in all the Shastras, then why do people deny that your name brings salvation ?

Oh, after all this is the age of Kali, where I myself am blown into nothing. No wonder my name would be laughed away ! And you, too sometimes feel like dismissing me !

Oh, when ?

Well, I will show you when. Now listen. I proclaim to the world—"O ! victims of Kali, drink day and night the nectar of my name. My name will carry you to the land of bliss."

And you, too proclaim to the world :

Harernama Harernama Harernamaiba Kebalam
Kalau Nasti Eva Nasti Eba Nasti Eba Gatiranyatha.

Always chant the name of Sri Hari, for there is no other way out in Kaliyuga.

Chapter III

Why do you sleep, my child ?

O Gracious ! Here I am in full harness, rushing to and fro. How can I sleep ?

Your rushing about is all about things temporal, and is far from meaning that you are awake.

What then is your wakefulness ?

He alone is wide awake, whose tongue is articulating my name without a break. Wake up and chant my name.

Yes, Lord, you speak of chanting, but you offer no other prescription ?

Yes, there is Karmayoga and there is Jnanayoga. But in the age of Kali, complicated rituals will be absurd, for we lack pure stuff, pure Mantras and selfless workers. Yoga postulates self-abnegation which is almost non-existent. Vedanta is for the austere sages. For frail, unelevated beings like you Nam-Kirtan is of all courses the easiest and the best Let the air and the sky resound with your chanting. Let your tougue be sanctified.

What, if I chant in soft whispers ?

No harm, of course. But if you raise your voice to fill the earth and the sky, then you are so benign to the earth and the sky.

Oh, is that why you have said in Nrisimha-Purna :

Tay Santa Sarbavutanam Nirupadhika Bandhaba
Jo Nrisimha Vabat nama Gayantiuchchai Muda-nwita.

O Nrisimha, Those sages are the real friends of all the world, who chant your name loudly and merrily

He who chants my name in silence becomes himself blessed. But

Na Chaibamekam Baktaram Jiva Rakshati Vais-navi
Asrabya Vayabat Khyatim Jagat Kritsnam Punati Hi.

(*Hari Vakti Sudhodaya*)

The tongue that chants the name of Hari protects not only the chanter, but also the world that hears the melody.

Let your tongue always move in chanting and that should be your Sadhana. Yogis must renounce the world and control their sense-faculties. But your road is golden and easy. Keep on chanting my name and I will raise you from the vulger, earthly plane to the domain of bliss. You need not bother about renunciation and all that. It will come without your seeking. Keep on singing of me until you forget the external world, and then you are with me. You repose in my arms and all is peace. Keep you mum? Can't you comprehend it?

Oh, Lord, when these are your words, I must believe them. My regret is that I have wasted all these years in vulgar pursuits unworthy of the children of bliss. Roll out, O my tears.

Weep, weep, my child. That will wash your filth away. My votary cleans his heart that way before it becomes my seat. Tears are the best flowers you can offer at my altar. Worship is solemnised by tears, and the fruit is peace. Weep, weep, without failing. Sing of me and weep until your breast overflows with tears. I am fond of your tears, for they are sweet to me.

Gitwa cha mama Namani Rudanti Mama Sannidhou.
Tesham Eba Parikrito Nanyakrito Janardano
(*Adiparana*)

I sell myself to those who sing my name and weep before me. To none else do I sell myself.

You see, my Lord, I have been sunk so long & so deep in materialist living, that my heart has become a desert and my eyes have been petrified. I may sing "Hari, Hari," and I may sing long and sing hard, but tears don't start.

Never mind that. He who sings my name may be stone-hearted and yet may gain his goal.

Pashana Kastha Sadrisaya Dadami Avistam.

Do you remember why you came into the world ? You came to preach my name. Sing my name, drive it home at every door.

O my tongue, sleep no more. Listen to the call for union. Ply, my tongue, without a break and say :

JAI RAGHUNANDANA JAI SITARAM
JANAKI BALLABHA SITARAM.

Wave IV

Sraddhaya Helaya Nama Ratanti Mama Jantaba
Tesam Nama Sada Partha Bartatay Hridaye Mama.
(Adipurana)

Those who sing my name are always in my heart, whether they be full of reverence or full of its antithesis.

I reside in the hearts of my votaries, for I love them dearly. Chant my name, chant it long.

Will you love me if I sing your name?
Oh, then I must hold back.
My love frightens you?

Yes, from a knowledge of the past I have developed an aversion to your affections. I think of Dasaratha. He worshipped you but he sank down. Kausalya wept herself into blindness. You loved Sita and what a sample of love you left on record. The persecution of Basudeva and Devaki in Kansa's prison is the abiding monument of your love. The heart-rending cries of Nanda and Jasoda bear testimony to your love. The piercing agonies of the Gopikas are abiding evidence of your love. I need not multiply instances. When I hear you speak of your love, I am reminded of the adversity of the Pandavas, the persecution of Prahlad and the bondage of Vali.

Then you seem to say that I love men only to cast them into sorrow.

Who am I to say that ? The chronicles of all your devotees unite in saying that.

Yes, but I ignite the flame of sorrow to burn away their attachment to the world. Superficially they seem to be affected, but the truth is that my devotees rest peacefully on my arms. Unless I take away their transient comforts, they won't walk the path of perennial peace. So if I favour anybody, I begin by taking away his jewels and his gold.
Do you say that poverty is a sign of your favour ?

Yes, gold is like a clog in the wheel. Poverty will make your journey prosperous.

Tell me, O Lord, why you look so kindly on me. I am no yogi, nor a devout votary of yours. Tell me again, O Sire, why I have to disappoint my creditors. Why am I upset even if they don't call.

O, that is, as it should be. You may not expect a diminution of your worries without having recourse to Nam Kirtan. Chant my name and chant it loud and chant it long. And in time you will realise that the debtor is me, and the creditor is me. It is my world, but you behave as though you were the master. Settle yourself down and sing my name. And all your affairs will be conducted by myself. I try to show you every while that you can't get peace so long as you rush about, and yet you persist in your hurry-scurry. This is all the work of your Ego. Surrender your Ego to me and rest in peace. I will do what is good for you and I will meet all your wants.

O my lord, my Ego is too big for me. It is overwhelming. How shall I overcome it?

That is why I say "sing of me". Sing with all your heart and you shall rise above all your ills and sorrows. Sing my darling, sing, of me.

But my heart bears no love for you, and my lips, without that love, can only pour out a dry chain of names. Will you care to listen?

Forget not, my child, you will learn to love me as your song deepens. Listen :

Govindeti Tatha Proktam Vaktya Ba Vaktibarjitai
Dahati Sarbapapani Jugantagni ribotthita.
(*Skanda-Purana*)

If you sing the name of Govinda with or without veneration, all your sins will be burnt up by the cataclysmic flames of your song.

The force of my name is such that it can work without faith. O Sinner, I am with you and in this knowledge be fearless.

What words of comfort ! What words of hope ! Sweet is the thought that you are mine ! What a cool breath of yours comes over me and charms away my languor and my weariness ! HARIBOL, HARIBOL !

Wave V

You need not abandon yourself to a reading of the Vedas and all that, nor should you visit holy places. If you seek salvation keep chanting "Govinda, Govinda".

You ask me to sing your name. But what is your name ?

You are getting back in years ! Don't you know my names ?

Yes, I know. But in the midst of distractions I seem to forget them. O Merciful, help me please.

My names are Brahma, Vishnu, Krishna, Kali, Rama, Ganesh, Radha, Durga, and these are not exhaustive.

Then you are everything—male and female ?

Listen, this universe has both a conscious force and a material manifestation All our worship is addressed to the conscious force. And that force is one and indivisible. Whatever names one may use, he is inevitably praying to me And I am One.

If you are one, then why so many names ?

Brahma—that is my prime name. Human comprehension has declined down the ages And so I had to manifest myself in varied shapes and forms : Kali, Krishna, Rama. Those who listen to my doings in one or other of these roles may develop a faith in me, and through a deepening of that faith they may overcome the ties of the world.

Why do you assume so many forms ?

Taste differs from man to man. Some may like to see me as Krishna. So I take on my flute and play 'Radha, Radha' under a Kadamba tree on the Jamuna. Some would love to see me as Radha-Krishna and for them I have to assume that form. Some prefer to see me with my bow and arrows and for them I assume the form of Rama. The grim temperament is delighted to see me in the awful, fearsome aspect of Kali. Some, like children, seek the mother in me, and to them I am the Mother. Some would like to have me as a play mate. Some are disposed to serve me and I am their Master. Some look on me as their husband and consecrate their life and youth to me. I very because I must.

"*Aham Vaktaparadhino*—"

I have to serve the will of my devotees. They are dearest to my heart. And I come before them in the form they desire.

Ah, what power is wielded by love! Tell me, O, how I can be devoted to you.

Yes, that is why I say—'Sing my name.' I came as your Guru and gave you a name. Recite that name.

May I not use other names? You gave me the name of Rama. May I not chant-Kali Kali or Krishna-Krishna?

Of course you may. My names are various. You may listen to the doings (leelas) of Kali or Krishna, but you must know that it is only your Rama acting in new roles. But so long as your faith is not deeply rooted, you must concentrate on the name given by your Guru.

I will tell you a funny story.

Yes, I shall be glad to hear it.

I heard of a Vaishnava devotee of Yours. He never looks at any image except Krishna's. An image of Kali hung in his wall. He has thrown it out and feels the better for it. He never accepts the prasad (residue) of Kali. I am without faith, and so it is easy for you to convince me that you are both Shyam and Shyama (Kali). But can you convince the blassed so easily? If you come before them as Shyama and say 'I am shyam in another guise,' they will turn you out of house and home. I am a bit perplexed about all this.

Why I have just told you my child that you must settle your faith by concentrating on the name prescribed by Guru. You should see the image of your Ista (desired god), eat his residue, and recite his name night and day, before you can have the pleasure of direct communion with your Ista. But as to this Vaishnava, he is biased over much. If he turns his back on all images except Krishna's, he ought, in good logic, to keep his eyes shut. How does he look at his own wife and children? They are not Me'. Does he expel them?

In the Vedas and the Puranas. in the Ramayana, and the Mahabharata, I have said that at bottom I am One. I am Shiva, I am Uma, And I am Vishnu. Man may be devoted to one god and may from the blindness of his faith hurl his defiauce at other gods. But that is far from pleasant to me.

But it is not fair to blame him for that You as Guru have taught him so.

Yes, as Guru I have said, "Don't worship them as other gods, nor eat their residue as that of other gods. Fix in the idea that they are all your Ista."

But these people are not up to my teachings. The Vaishnava is scared away by the name of Kali, and the Sakta (votary of Kali) taunts the Vaishnava Unity is not perceived in the variety. The god of one's seeking is not universalised. And so this discord rises, and factions multiply Be that as it may, you need not know what is happening abroad. Give all your mind to me and sing may name. Rest assured that you are under my protection. No harm can come near you. Sing my name.

O my lord, shelter me. I am helpless. Screen me from the storm. I seek your protection.

Fear not! I am with you. I am all powerful. So there is no limit to what I can or cannot do. I can tie an elephant with the fibres of a lotus-stalk. I can sink a mountain in a pool. Why bother about your debts and your finances, about your wife and children? Plunge heart and soul into thoughts of God, and you shall then know what is freedom

Wave VI

Shall I ever languish in sorrow ? Shall I never rise above my wordly ties ?

Peace shall be yours. Your ties shall go.

Tell me how I shall be pacified. Tell me how all my sufferings will be ended ; how all my thoughts night and day will centre round you. When will that day come ?

When your mind ceases to act.

Tell me, Lord, how my mind can die. If I can gain you that way, let my mind go the way of all flesh. Now tell me please how I am to act that my mind may die. I am determined to do or die.

Are you ? Then here it is :

Jo Mam Sarbatra Pasyati, Sarbancha Mayi Pasyati.
(*Gita*)

He who sees me everywhere and sees everything in me .....

I can't follow what you say.

See me in everything, and that way can you have peace and the extinction of your mind.

How am I to see you? And where? And in what image?

I am the five elements—earth and water and fire and wind and sky. See me in the elements. Sense me in all the sounds and the forms and the smells and the impulses. Feel me in the five winds, and in all the motley crowd of living and insensate things.

Oh, it is more than I can comprehend.

All that you see around you is me. All the gods and the demons and all the fowls and the brutes, all land and water and all the fires that blaze and the breezes that blew—are in me. I exist at once in grace and disgrace, in smiles and tears. All the world is full of me and nothing exists outside me You wonder?

All is you! Oh, how marvellous! Whatever I see and hear is you? You are all the menifest world? There is nothing but you? What a cool breath of peace comes over me and soothes me! All is God, all is Hari. What a vast Oneness fills the space!

Listen again: I am the author of all the Shastras and I am all the Shastras, too. I am the Brahma of the Upanishads. I am the absolute Soul of the Yogi. I am the non dualism of the Vedanta. I am

Rama and I am Krishna. I am Sakta and I am Sakti. I am all the gods and goddesses in the shrines where incense is burnt and flowers are offered.

O, what rapture is mine! My perplexities are gone. Stop not your divine strain.

I am Christ and I am the Christian. I am Mahammad and I am the Mussalman. I am the Brahman and I am the Pariah. I am the sinner and I am the pious. I am heaven and I am hell. I am in the light that broadens. I am in the darkness that deepens. I am in the bondage, as I am in the emancipation. Stop the arrows of your wrath flying, for all is me. Nurse not your malice, for all is me. Think not of reprisal, for all is me.

O, how soul-lifting are the strains that you pour.

The sun and the moon and all the stars, land and sea and air and all the rivers and trees-are my person, and in that knowledge bow to them all. Look right and bow in reverence. Look left and bow in reverence That is the road to self-effacement.

Chetasaibaharnisam Sarbavutani Pranamet Sudhi
Gnatwa mam Chetanam Suddham Jibarupma
Sansthitam.

(*Adhyatma Ramayana*)

But to all things that you see, and bow with all your heart, in the knowledge that my divine essence resides in every one of them.

And a time will come when you will be able to bow not only mentally but also physically. Let your friends laugh. You must discard all sense of superiority, and no in reverence before the lowest of creatures and learn to feel in all of them the divine presence. Climb high in this way and soon you will find that you have risen above all the clashes and conflicts of material life

Now at last I have found the way to master my mind. Salutations, Salutations.

One thing more. Whisper "Rama, Rama" and bow your head. Pour your strain of "Rama, Rama" on all you see and hear, on all that attracts you or repels you. Try this course and you shall not be disappointed.

Wave VII

Narayaneti Narakarnabataraneti
Damodareti Madhuheti Chuturvujeti
Biswamvareti Birajeti Janardaneti
Kastiha Janma Japatam Ka Kritantaviti.

He who recites my names such as Narayana, Janardana, Damodara is above the pangs of earthly birth, and is beyond the reach of Pluto.

This I said long ago, and say here again. Go on chanting my names.

Yes, but if my Nam Kirtan is only lip deep and my mind is elsewhere, what does it all come to ? Is it fruitless ?

Fruitless ? Never.

You astound me, my Lord. Your name is on my lips, and my mind is rambling—no tears, no thrill—This is not the way to bliss. And this is what I have so often heard. But your words to-day sound new.

I say no new things. What I say now I have said thousands of times before. Without meditation there can be no rapture. And without Nam Kirtan there can be no meditation It won't do to wait for Nam Kirtan till the day your mind turns Godward. In the midst of all agitation, let my name be on your lips.

Pramadadapi Sanspristo Jathanalakano Dahet
Tathostha Sanspristam Harinama Dahedayham
—*Kasikhanda*

A flame will burn up hay or straw, though you may commit it in jest to the flame. So your Nam Kirtan will burn up your sins, though your mere lips may be employed.

So you see, there is no talk of meditation. If you merely pronounce the name, it will show its power.

Anichehayapi Dahati Spristo Hutabaho Jatha
Tatha Dahati Govindanama Bajadapiritam
—*Padmapurana*

Fire will burn you even if you touch it unintentionally. So the name of God, even if it is pronounced for fun, will burn up all your sins.

Agnanadathaba Gnanaduthamasloka Nama Jat
Sankirtitamagham Pumsa Dahededho Jathanala
—*Sri Bhagabat*

If my name is sung, it destroys all sins, no matter whether it is sung knowingly or not.

So one may sing of me without a knowledge of what it means, and yet one may reap the good as a matter of course. Whether your ground is prepared or not, start chanting my name now. You shall be put beyond all hazards and all fears.

Kurukshetrena Kintasya Kim Kasya Puskarena Ba
Jihwagray Basatay Jasya Harirityaksharadwayam
—Skandapurana.

Note that there is no mention here of correct understanding. If your tongue can articulate the name of Hari, your pilgrimage to Benares or Kurukshetra becomes superfluous. If you can sing my name knowingly, so much the better. If you cannot, you need not be sorry. Nam Kirtan will bring everything.

Parihasopahasadyai Visnor Grinanti Nama Jay
Kritarthastepi Manujastevyopiha Namonama
—Sri Narayanabyuha Staba.

Even if the name of Vishnu is sung for mere fun, the singer is blessed. And our salutations must also go to him.

Etabatalamaghanirharanaya Pumsam
Sankirtanam Bhagabato Gunakarma nam nam
Bikrusya Putramaghaban Jadajamilopi
Narayaneti Mriyamana Iyada Muktim.
—*Srimad Bhagabat*

For the liquidation of men's sins, they need only to sing of my doings and my qualities and to chant my name. Ajamil thought of his son and pronounced the name of his son, which was, by the way, a name of God And this accidental naming of God entitled him to salvation

You see, my darling, the name itself is a power. Ratnakar chanted "Mara, Mara" and became a prince among the Sages.

Aghatchhit Smaranam VishnorBahwayasena Sidhyati
Osthaspandana Matrena Kirtanantu Tato Baram.
—*Vaishnava Chintamani*

A deeper realisation of myself is difficult of attainment. But a mere carolling with the lips washes away the junkpile of human sin, and is therefore better than what is difficult of attainment.

Realisation can only come through Sadhana. But Kirtan is easy all the way. It is most potent for good in Kaliyuga, and it is equivalent to the Meditation of Satyayuga or the sacrificial rites of Treta or the Selfless service of Dwapara.

Swapnepi Nama Smritiradi Pumsa
Kshayam Karotyahita Paparasay
Prajatnata Kim Punaradi Pumsa
Prakirtitay Namni Janardanasya
—*Itihasottama*

If remembrance of God' s name during dream can destroy the accumulation of Sin, then it is no wonder that a conscious chanting of name will liquidate sin.

Jathagadam Birjatamamupajuktam Jadrichhaya
Ajanatopi Atmagunam Kurjan Mantropi Udahrita
—*Srimad Bhagabat*

If a potent dose of medicine is administered to an unconscious patient, he revives, because the medicine acts without the help of faith. Similarly, the name of Hari will show its power, if it is administered down an unconscious throat.

And again you may have read :

Srutam Sankirtitam Bapi Harerascharja
Karmana
Dahati Enamsi Sarbani Prasamgat Kimu Bhaktita.
—*Itihasottama*

The great doings of Hari, even if sung by the way, will burn up all sins. If sung with reverence they will do more.

Do you still falter in your faith in my name? Let your mind, faltering still, cherish my name, and let my name vibrate on your lips, though your heart may be half inclined to accept it. I aver now as I averred before that those who love my name are past all the fears of the world. He who sings of me loud and long and sings merrily is a man who lives and yet is past all hazards of life. Listen :

Nabyam Nabyam Namadheyam Murray
Jad Jaṭchaitad Gayam Pijusapustam
Jay Gayanti Tyaktalajja Saharsam
Jibanmukta Samsayo Nasti Tatra.

—*Naradiya Purana.*

Wave VIII

Pranaprayana Patheyam Sansara Byadhivesajam
Duksha Sokaparitranam Sri Rameti Aksharadwayam.

Hold, my darling, hold my name close to your bosom. It will be with you on your Journey beyond. A day will come when your tongue will move not and all your limbs will de still. Ere it comes, put all your strength into an accumulation of the wealth that will go with you. And when you die, you will be happy to contemplate that you are dying rich. Time is fleeting, and so the time for you to plunge into high endeavour is NOW. Feed your soul full with the holy names of God You have wife and children and a pile of gold, but in death you will be separated from them, and the only treasure, if you can earn it, will be the sweet name of Rama, on your Journey beyond death. Sing 'Rama, Rama" and lose yourself in the singing. Care not for learning. Care not for the fame it brings. You may have all the fame and miss all the essence. Turn away from your love of wisdom and seek the essence. And that essence, in the context of this age, is the name of God.

Kim Karisyati Samkhena Kim Yogai Naranayaka
Muktim Ichehhasi Rajendra Kuru Govinda Kirtanam.
—*Gururapurana*

Samkhya is useless. Yoga is equally so. If you seek devotion, begin with my name. If you seek salvation start yourself on the golden course. Sing my name. Worldly life is a malady, and my name is the antidote.

Sayest thou then that life is a malady? Life here inevitably is, and its symptoms are varied. The patient in sickbed wants now this, now that and wants now to sit up, now to escape. So the men of the world are never at ease, and ever running after gold and honour and health and plenty. All these are morpid symptoms, and so I say that life is a disease. And against that there stands my prescription: hold on to the holy names of God. The great sages of old, Vyasa and Narada and Valmiki among them, tried this medicine on themselves and found it rich in potentiality for good. And so they proclaimed its great healing power to men and women all over the world. It was tried on tens of thousands of patients, and never did it fail. You, too, are caught in the morbid tide, but the medicine lies handy. Chant my name and chant it long.

Am I caught in the tide? Do I seek the pleasures of the world? Do I really run after money and title?

Yes, you do, though your cravings are less pronounced. Regret not that the cravings are there, but put all the time you waste in regretting into the music of my name. Put aside your pursuit of knowledge and soak yourself in love. Lose yourself in Nam Kirtan And one day you shall find all the muses running after you. All knowledge is dry crust, and without the kernel of love that crust has no meaning.

My tongue will wax eloquent over your name, and my sorrows will dwindle—how can this happen?

Why not? Sorrows and trials are all in the domain of Avidya. Nam Kirtan destroys Avidya, and sorrows vanish like a dream.

Pardon me, what is Avidya?

Avidya attributes permanence to things evanescent and purity to things impure and makes the body identical with the soul "I am the body" is a notion of Avidya. This sort of equation goes on among men and women and they reap, because they equate so badly, a harvest of tears. Long spells of Nam-Kirtan will lift you into a higher spiritual exaltation, and you will inevitably feel that you are apart from your body. Long spells of devout singing will clear away the clouds that wrap the beings, and the clouds having cleared, there will be the emergence of a new dawn untainted by pain. You gain the same goal this way that the Yogis gain another way.

Japata Sarba Vedancha Sarba Mantrancha
Parbati
Tasmat Kotigunam Punyam Rama Namuaiba
Lavyatay.
—*Padmapurana*

Mahadeva says—"O Parvati, if you read all the Vedas and recite all the mantras, you gain infinitely much less than you can' if you cultivate the name of Rama."

So sing "Rama, Rama" and sing without a break, for your gain will be enormous Sing, whilst your tongue serves your will, and you will be able, when death comes, to die full of thoughts of God. Start chanting :

SRI RAMA RAMA RAMA, SITARAM, SITARAM.

—— ——

Wave IX

Madhura Madhurametam Mangalam Mangalanam
Sakala Nigamaballi Satfalam Chit Swarupam
Sakridapi Parigitam Sraddhaya Helaya Ba
Bhrigubara Naramatram Tarayet Krishnanam.
—Pravas Khanda

Chant my name, O darling, break your silence and chant it. This name of mine is so sweet, that, unlike the sweetness of earthly things, its sweetness deepens from day to day. Keep it on your tongue, and the more you repeat it, the sweeter it becomes and, thus sweetening it travels to Madhyama, the next higher stage in speech, and there it will keep ringing. When it vibrates in the Sushumna, the sleeping Kundalini will wake up, and your mind will rise above the physical plane and remembrances of previous life will revive. Further along, the name will reach the still higher stage of pasyanti, where at every utterance you will have the thrill of evoking God. The moment you name Him, you will see Him. And from forms of God you will pass on to an all pervasive divine radiance. In this way you reach the supreme stage. But where did you begin? You began by putting the name on your tongue.

O, what a vista opens up before me! What words of hope pour from your lips! Let me go and share your message with my brothers and sisters all over the world.

Yes, send my name ringing over the plains. Send it echoing from rock to rock. It is sweeter than the sweetest. And it is more fruitful of good than you can imagine. You know of auspicious rites such as Homa and Jagna. You know of penance and charity. All these can earn your title to heaven. But when all the fruit has been used up, man must come again to the earth. But Nam Kirtan puts you beyond recurring birth and death, and leads you to salvation.

Kaler Dosanidhay Rajan Asti Eko Mahan Guna
Kirtanadeba Krishnasya Muktabandha Param Brajet.

—Srimad Bhagabat.

The age of Kali, though full of filth, has this great redeeming feature that if you sing of Krishna, you make for The Supreme domain.

So I say this name is of all things the most salutary. It is the conscious, imperishable essence of the Vadas. Hold on to this conscious essence, and conquer all your vulgar somnolence, and realise your superphysical Self. If you waver in your faith' the name is still there for your lips. Put it there and I will emancipate you.

Sanketyam Parihasyam Ba Stovam Helanam
Eba Ba
Baikuntha Namagrahanam Asesaghaharam Bidu

If my name is taken up even in jest, the very fact of its being taken up produces a diminution of sin.

This name is not for you alone. It is for all people, young and old, whatever their worth. It is for the sinners, as for the virtuous. It is for the ailing and the sorrowing and for all those who languish. It wields for them all the magic spell of liberation. Sing "Rama, Rama", and let all the world hear your song.

Wave X

Blessed are those who live to sing of me for unto them go my choice gifts. The age of Kali has one penance—Name chanting.

What austerity is in the chanting, my Lord?

Heard you not of Kali's penance? Listen :

Tatha Chaibottamam Lokay Tapa Sri Hari Kirtanam
Kalou Jugay Bisesena Vishnuprityai Samacharet.
—*Skandapurana*

Singing of Hari is the best penance, and should, in the age of Kali, be specially conducted for the pleasure of Vishnu.

Men in this age, full of desires, engage in religious rites to please me. But all their activity, tainted by desires, reaches me not. For them Nam-Kirtan is the best road, and the best never betrays. It is Kali's penance.

Yes, I do feel like taking up the name, but unwholesome winds blow my mind away.

Oh, that is bound to happen in your epoch. Kali is the repertoire of all evils. It makes everybody restless Its ways are anti-God, and men and women are caught in its current and drift inevitably to doom. They seek irrational pleasures, and they act as though they were trying to emulate the beasts. So I say unto them, "O, creatures of Kali, you, too, have a way out. Whatever your failings, you, too, may be saved." As Shukdev I proclaimed in the pages of Bhagavat that man can overcome his bondage and win me by singing my name. The eight steps of Yoga may be too high for you, and you need not regret that they are so ; for the path I show is meant especially for those who are too weak for everything. Don't tremble before the might of Kali. I said in Skandapurana !

Kalikala Kusarpasya Tikhna Danstrasya Ma Vayam
Govinda Namadabena Dagdho Jasyati Bhasmatam

Fear not the fangs of the sinister snake—Kali. The name of Govinda will burn it to ashes.

Sing, my darling, sing "Govinda, Govinda" and the dread fangs of Kali will cease to be. Wail not, if you cannot sink into meditation. Hold on to my name, and meditation will follow. Did I not say in Vishnupurana :

Kritay Jaddhyayato Vishnum Tretayam Jajato Makhai
Dwaparay Paricharjoyam Kalu Taddhari Kirtanat.

Namkirtan in the age of Kali will give you the same result that profound meditation produced in the age of Satya, sacrifices produced in Treta, and service produced in Dwapara.

If that is so, why should you despair ? Are you eager for the higher pleasure of mental Nam-Kirtan ? Are you eager for high altitudes ? Sing my name and you shall soar. When you seek vile pleasures, you are within the orbit of Kali, and whilst you are there, chant my name without relaxing. And you shall cross that orbit and travel into the domain of Dwapara, where it will be your privilege to worship me. And then I will lead you on to the plane of Treta, where your heart may perform sacrifices worthy of Treta. And from there, as your worship deepens, you shall pass into the age of Satya : the golden age. Once there, you shall have a full view of form and essence and of divine radiance. Thus are you to cross the ages on your journey to Self-realisation.

Let me say again that as long as your attachment to the body continues you belong to Kali, and therefore you must conform to the modes of worship prescribed for Kali. Your mind must be purified before it can claim to perform sacrifices and chant the hymns of the Vedas. Go on singing "Rama Rama," until your restless mind settles down. Scorn not your song because it is for the stragglers. Look at yourself and judge where you stand. What ripples are raised on your mind, when you are crossed or slighted! Where stand you, my child? I see clearly that you are still in the domain of Kali, and because you are there you must only sing of me. And as you undergo purification in the process, you shall cross the ages one by one. Mourn not, my darling, you are all children of bliss. Mourn not that you suffer thus. Let the filth of the past die out that way. Meanwhile, think of me and chant my name, for the evils of Kali are terrible.

Harinamapara Jecha Ghoray Kolijugay Nara,
Tayeba Kritakrityascha Nakalirbadhatehi Tan.
Haray Keshaba Govinda Basudeva Jaganmaya,
Itirayanti Je Nityam Nahitam Badhatay Kali.
—Brihat Naradiya Purana

Blessed are those who have taken the name of Hari in this the depth of Kali, for Kali cannot persecute them. Those who continually warble the names—Hari, Keshaba, Govinda, Basudeva and Jaganmaya, are beyond the sinister influence of Kali.

Kali closes in upon you in the form of mounting poverty and distress. But for you, as for all your neighbours, there is a way out: plunge deep into Nam Kirtan, and Kali will recede into hiding. Sing, therefore my child, sing from the depth of your heart.

"O Hari, Keshaba, Govinda, Basudeva, Jaganmaya"

A continuous rotation of these names on your tongue will inevitably give you a higher spiritual exaltation. You shall then know how to abandon yourself to a contemplation of my Leela. Sing of Sri Hari in this the depth of Kali.

Wave XI

I hear you not sing my name, and why?

No, I won't sing any more. I have sung a lot, and yet I feel not I am better off. The same pursuit of pleasures goes on. The same attachment to the body persists. Then why should I stick to your name? The name can spell good for the Sadhus and for those who have conquered their senses. For the smaller fry like me, your name has no meaning. You say that your name will liquidate misery; but when? You say that you raise the fallen and you save the sinners. But I think you don't. You give your devotees whatever they want. To them you are the magic tree. But you are far away from the sinners. If you had any mercy on the sinners, then you would have cut off my shackles and drawn me to your bosom. Your heart is no soft flower-petal. It is hard as granite. The sinner may be praying endlessly, and yet you are unmoved.

Oh, have you lost faith in my name?
pretend not, my Lord, that you feel for me.

Sink not, me child, when you can swim. Lose not your faith in my name. Listen:

Namnosya Jabati Sakti Papanihraranay Haray
Tabat Kartum Na Saknoti Patakam Pataki Jana
—Brihat Vishna Purana.

Vicious men cannot outsin the sins that are destroyed by the name of Hari.

Fill all your hours with chantings of my name and all your vicious impulses will be subdued. If you allow large gaps, through them will all your enemies pour in Your tendencies have shaped themselves through all the previous lives of yours, and you cannot overpower them, unless you are determined to pursue a higher ideal. You chant my name but you give it up after a while, and when your afflictions return, you resume the song. If you wish to bind me, make your chain complete. Think not of your sins in the past. Know you not what I said in Skandapurana :

Tat Nasti Karmajam Lokay Bagjam Manasameba Ba
Jat Na Kshapayatay Papam Kalou Govinda Kirtanam.

There are no sins produced by speech, thought or action, which are not liquidated by a glorification of Govinda.

And if that is what I said, then you need not worry over your past. Fill the present with chantings of my name, until there comes over you a settled calm.

Know you how a piece of iron glows red-hot in the furnace? It takes on for a time some of the power of the furnace. Take it out of the fire, and see how it cools down. So if you put your mind in the fire of my name, your mind becomes like the piece of iron, red-hot and all that, and while so hot it can burn up your sins. Put out the fire of my name, and your mind will soon cool down. So I say unto you – Keep the fire of my name burning.

How long, O my Lord, shall I keep my mind in the fire?

Keep it there until it is purified, and when all the dross is gone, turn it into the sword of Self-contemplation, so that you may cut with it the tentacles of your vulgar ego. Ego gone, nothing then will stand between you and me. You shall come smiling forward and merge in me. Keep up, I say again, keep up the music of my name. Know you not what I said in Itihasottama? Here it is:

Swadopi Nahi Sakneti Kartum Papani Jatnata
Tabanti Jabati Sakti Vishnor Namnosubhakshaye.

The dog-eating pariah is not capable of producing such an accumulation of sins as will not be destroyed by the name of Vishnu.

Lapse you into forgetfulness ? Mind not your lapses, but when you revive, put all your thoughts into me and sing my name. Think not of your afflictions and of your poverty, but brace up your mind with the music of my name, and, as your music deepens, you shall pass into a trance where you lose yourself. Where will be all your applictions then ? See what I said in Adipurana :

Na Nama Sadrisam Gnanam Na Nama Sadrissam Bratam
Na Nama Sadrisam Dhyanam Na Nama Sadrisam Falam
Na Nama Sadrisastyago Na Nama Sadrisa Sama
Na Nama Sadrisam punyam Na Nama Sadrisi Gati.

My name is all knowledge, and yet greater. My name is Super-meditation, and it excels all renunciation. My name is greater than all the virtues put together, and all the fruit of your labour cannot outface my name. Hold on to my name, O my child, for it is worth all your strivings.

Abide with me, O my Sire, for I love to hear you speak. Abide with me, for without you I feel that the earth and sky are all a painful void.

What void can be there, if you fill it with the cadences of your song ?

O then, let me sing : Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama.

Wave XII

You want me, my child ? Yes, here I am.

Come, my Lord, come and sit on the cushion of my heart.

Yes, I shall be glad to sit there, but I would love, while sitting, to lean my ear and hear you sing.

Yes, my Lord, let me sing what you love so much to hear :

Sitaram, Sitaram
Krishna, Krishna, Rama, Rama.

What delightful strains are yours, my child ? You sing of me, and all my love goes to you. You are dearer to me than my own sweet Kamala, though she is my consort.

If this bit of singing makes me so dear to you, I will sing all my life and seek you through my songs.

Yes, my child, sing my names and be my beloved. You shall be borne aloft on the waves of your song, and borne close to my bosom. Whoever sings of me shall be beloved of me. Sing, my child, and make your melody sweeter and win my heart.

The road I show you is smooth and rosy. It is not a zigzag, nor a labyrinth. It never betrays. You will have a delightful experience of ecstasy and tears and tremblings as you come up the road, and in the end you will find me greeting you. The road is lovely, and the journey is joyous.

What you say, my lord, is true. But why do you sometimes create confusions ?

Believe me, my child, if you taste a thing everyday, it ceases to be tasteful. So I sometimes stand aside and see the fun. When you struggle to have a glimpse of me, and yet cannot find me and so drop down exhausted, I choose the moment to come up and touch you.

Then it is all your sport ?

Yes, my child, all that I do for sport. But the truth remains : He who seeks shelter under my name is past all harm. My great and potent wheel protects all my devotees. My angels are everywhere, and they guard my votaries and heal their woes.

Can you hear all the calls I send after you ?

Don't be absurd, my child. Do you forget that I reside in your heart ?

That is of course true. But since I sometimes feel that you are missing, I conclude that you have left me. Your calls reach me without doubt. They reach not only me, but also those great devotees of mine such as Narada and Valmiki and Vasista and Hanuman and a host of others.

But I don't perceive all that ?

Yes, you don't because your mind wanders away, while your lips speak of me. I come but I find your thoughts of self occupying my seat, and so I have to go away with a sigh.

Ah, what trouble you take on my account ! What love you bear to me ! Rid me, O Lord, of my vulgar musings, and let me only think of you and chant your names.

Yes, my child, chant my names without ceasing, and you shall conquer your thoughts of vile pleasures.

Tell me, Lord, if the dry calls of the faithless reach your ears.

Why not, my child ? When a tiny ant touches the sea ; the touch inevitably raises fine ripples on the water. So every call reaches me, whatever its nature. Every call touches not only my heart, but also the highly responsive chords in the hearts of my devotees throughout the Universe. And their blessings come down upon those who keep praying in spite of their lack of faith. These blessings give them faith and love, and dry voices become alive with faith. Stop not chanting my name because your voice is dry. The power of my name is boundless. They may say that they have found many votaries of mine acting the wrong way. But they ought to see that men act rightly or wrongly from impulses shaped in previous lives. Some votaries may have violated moral laws owing to habits of previous lives, but their devotion to me is evidence that they had their virtues, too, in their previous lives. Now that they sing my names, they shall be rewarded.

He who dismisses my name believes neither in me nor in my Shastras. You shall find in the pages of my works profuse assurances to the fallen. I have proclaimed time and again that if a sinner takes my name, he shall be washed clean. Of course the degree of my mercy varies according to the degree of one's sincerity.

Have you proclaimed in the Shastras that whoever takes your name, whether in reverence or in jest, wins you sooner or later ?

I am sorry, my child, that your memory is so short. I have already quoted copiously from the Puranas to show you the power of my name. Listen :

Sanketyam Parihasyam Ba Stovam Helanameba
Ba
Baikuntha Namagrahanam Asesaghaharam Bidu.

The name of Hari destroys alt sins, even if you take it in a spirit of jest or scorn.

You must remember that man's body takes shape out of the deeds done in previous life. When those deeds are in the process of dissipation, diseases and other troubles are bound to come. What strivings are better than to hold fast to the name in spite of adversity ? And my Shastras are there, and they shine like lights upon the ways of man. Accept my Shastrass as your guide, and you shall not stray away. And upon those who hold on to my name I confer such wisdom as obviates their problem of winning me. When a man chants my names I take away his sins so that he may find it easy to unite with me. O my stubborn child, drive it home that I shower all my affections on those who sing of me.

Where are you, my Lord ? Why do you hide yourself ?

Why, I am so near you, darling, Chant my names and I shall be nearer.

* * *

Wave XIII

Rama, Rama, Sitaram: I wish to drink this nectar night and day. Now I am convinced that Namkirtan will produce all the fulfilments. I have concluded that unless I take to God's name, there is no hope for a straggler like me. I have learnt again to pray for strength that I may not swerve from the road I have taken. And yet, O my Lord, I sometimes feel like discarding your name I wonder what actions of mine produce such impulses. I beseech your grace, O gracious Lord. Dip me in your name, and raise me not.

Let me assure you, darling, that you shall not be destroyed.

Sarbay Nasyanti Brahmanday Pravabanti Puna Puna
Na May Vakta Pranasyanti Nishankascha, Nira Pada

My votaries are safe and unharmed, and they are never destroyed, though all other things in the universe may be annihilated.

Men, you must know, have to worry so long as they don't commit themselves to my care. If they can commit themselves in a spirit of self-surrender then all their worries are set at rest. I give asurance of safety unto all who say "I am thine, O Lord! shelter me." My devotees fear not the awe-inspiring Pluto. Let alone man.

Varjanam Vababijanam Arjanam Snkhasampadam
Tarjanam Jamadutanam Rama Rameti Garjanam.

The cries of "Rama, Rama" dissipate actions that cause recurring birth and death, and produce hapiness and plenty, and they have even the power of scaring away the angels of Death.

Keep up, darling, your cries of "Rama, Rama," and your actions shall be dissipated. Sing "Rama, Rama," and the wealth of the world shall roll at your feet. Chant my names O my child! chant in reverence or chant without it. Chant while you lie, and chant while you walk; chant in weal and chant in woe; chant among your friends and chant in solitude. And a stage will come when all duality will merge into the immanent oneness which is me. Sing, my darling, sing my names, and send your cadences resounding over the plains.

O, sing I must: 'Raghupati Raghava Raja Ram, Patita Pabana Sitaram."

Wave XIV

Wake up and chant my names, O darling, for in the age of Kali the only solitary hope is the name of Hari, the name of Hari and nothing but the name of Hari.

Why do you say this three times over ?

I swear thrice that my name is the only hope. My name alone can help you out of the three forces : Sattwa, Rajas and Tamas. When you are under Tamas, chant my name, and it will help you out. When you are under Rajas, chant my name and it will act as before and you shall earn the right to mental worship. When under Sattwa you practise piousness and devotion, chant my name and it will gently take you out of all that, and put you on the plane of the absolute, where there is no motion, no force, no conflict, no activity. If you chant my names you shall conquer your present life, as also your past life ; because the reactions produced by actions will be fast dissipated. If you hold on to my name, you will be saved another birth. So by Namkirtan you save three lives. Your actions in youth, your actions now and your actions in the future will not be able to produce shackles for you, if you cultivate my name. In this sense you conquer your past, present and future.

Your absolute Self is clouded by your coarse body and by your finer body as well as by the still higher "Karan" body—the supramental ego. Chant my names and you shall be shorn of your three coatings.

Chant my names and you shall cross the three stages of existence : wakefulness, dream and profound Slumber.

Chant my names and you shall conquer the three worlds and shall be above all cravings peculiar to them. Chant my names and your speech shall pass from the tongue to the heart, and from the heart on to the navel, and from there it will pass finally to the seat of Kundalini—The divine Energy. So you cross the tongue, the heart and the navel by singing and singing of me.

The universe has sprung from the original sound-"Om." This sound vibrates through the Sushumna. This "Om" comprehends the three ideas of creation, existence and death. If you chant my names, you shall pass beyond birth and existence and death.

The truth about my own Self is that it is permanent and transcendent and infinite. My name will show you what my Self is, if you chant it ceaselessly.

And you know that your afflictions may be spiritual or they may be caused by the stars and all that; or they may be purely physical.

Yes, my Lord, I know them all. O how they afflicted me! I seek thy shelter to escape further sufferings.

The creatures of Kali are so frail and so borne down by disease that they will be incapable of practising austere Sadhana. And you know that all diseases are caused by a loss of balance of wind, bile and phlegm. The balance of the three will be restored by Namkirtan.

The wind of life is passing up and down Ira, Pingala and Sushumna. When Ira wakes up auspicious rites should be accomplished. When Pingala wakes up it is time for unwholesome deeds. And when Sushumna wakes up, it is time for deeds that make for salvation. Whatever may wake up, it is always time for chanting my names.

Fortunate are those who can practise penance of body, penance of mind and penance of sheech. You are incapable of all that, and so I say—sing only the name of Sri Hari. Mind you, the chanting must be a sustianed effort, not a fitful luxury. And there must be special recitals at dawn, at midday and at dusk.

My name is a support and a protection for three kinds of devotees—the afflicted and the inquisitive and the seekers of fruit.

I shall be concealed so long as there is knower and knowledge and things to know. So long as these three are there, nobody shall know me. But if you sing of Hari you shall overcome these three and know my real Self.

The non-dualist seekers of Brahma worship in three ways, and all these ways lead to the same goal as that which is reached by chanting the name of Sri Hari.

Yoga is based on Pranayam which is a system of breathing exercise. The creatures of Kali are lacking in self-control, and therefore are incapable of pranayam. A long spell of chanting will carry you through the three stages of Pranayam. So I spoke thrice of Sri Hari.

Religious duties may be compulsory or occasional or they may be insyired by special motives. But the spell of Kali causes a faulty a ccomplishment of such duties. If you sing of Hari, the fault is gone.

Before you have a direct realisation of God, you have to hear of him and contemplate Him through the years. But Namkirtan is a short cut to realisation, and so I put all the accent on your chanting.

What words of hope and comfort pour from your lips, O my Lord! What a balmy breath enlivens me! I feel like singing your names all the time.

Much less is in the feeling than in the doing, O my child. Rise above your languor and chant my name.

If you can accomplish concentration, contemplation and trance, you are past all the afflictions peculiar to life. And this great result is achieved by simply singing of Sri Hari.

The soul has three attributes: It exists; it is beautiful; it is dearer. than the dearest. You sing of Sri Hari and realise for yourself these attributes.

Brahma is above the three divisions; Self and community and aliens. Namkirtan will lift you above these divisions and land you in a direct experience of Brahma—the mivine essence—the transcen dental God-vision.

Karmayoga, Bhaktiyoga and Jnanyoga are three roads converging towards salvation. But the journey along these roads is bound to be full of hazards in this the age of Kali. And so I say that the incantation of "Hari Hari" will obviate all the hazards.

Brahma is 'Sat' i.e. existent. It is 'Chit' i.e. conscious. And thirdly itis 'Ananda', i.e. absolute joy. Sing of Sri Hari and sing your way to a realisation of these attributes of Brahma.

Think not, my darling, of beguiling pleasures or distracting sorrows. Think only of me and chant my names, and I will do everything for you.

O how blessed I am! May your names ring constantly on the strings of my heart. Grant only this, O my Lord, that I may sing of you night and day and lose myself in the singing. May you be the centre of all my thoughts and of all my dreams.

All that shall be granted, sweet my child. But where are your strains ?

O, then, let me sing :

Sitaram Jai Sitaram
Patitapawana Sitaram.

THE END

ERRATA

Page	Line	For	Read
(i)	15	Come	Come in
(iv)	4	bredth	breath
„	6	found	fund
5	8	pardoned	hardened
24	1	but	Bow
„	7	no	nod
40	3	kalu	kalau
50	3		“Your calls ” as a separate para.
59	21	mivine	divine

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